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The Island Spectres.



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Miss Bessie Parry
with the Author's kind regards
March 23
1865

THE

Island Spectres;

AND SOMETHING MORE,

BUT NOTHING WORSE:

BY

Alban Besse, A. B.,

AUTHOR OF THE

"History of the Kings and Queens of England,"
IN VERSE;

"Birth of the Storms," &c., &c.

"The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead."
Lady of the Lake, Canto III.



BIRMINGHAM:
PRINTED AT M. BILLING'S STEAM-PRESS OFFICES.
1855.



(And dreamed) That he was in a fairy land,
Within a beauteous bower;

But that a skeleton did stand,
Fast plucking every flower.

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PREFACE.

The Author (gentle reader) is not intending to trouble you with prefatory remarks, rendered tedious by their elongated prolixity; for he imagines that you will (after reading the rather strange title, and looking at the rather uncommon frontispiece) feel inclined at once to take a mental promenade in the Spectres' Isle! Proceed, then, and may the perusal afford you pleasure; and when you have journeyed to the extreme end of "something more," &c., perhaps you may like to turn your attention to a little Hieroglyphicology! Adieu!

A. R.

P. S.

* P. R.——End—Moit . . . Elque. Jes U . . . Isan . . dyo—Uwi. Ll—so—onfin—doutwh—Atism—Eantiho.—Peyo. U. C. T.—Hedri—Ftoft—Heis. La . . . Ndsp . . . Ec.—Tresa —N. Dals——-Odit . . Tooft. Hei—De. Asof G. L. —Anra. Bantheb—R.A . . V eo . . . N e.

* For the benefit of some of my readers, I may as well state that the above is *not* made up of a stupid dead language, called Latin, over which so much time is wasted in schools and colleges.

822396

The Island Spectres.

UPON a drear and barren shore
Poor Lomond shipwrecked lay;
Whilst ocean storms, with rampant roar,
Uprose in dread affray!

No star appeared—the eye to cheer!
No moon to aid the night!
But darkness reigned with sceptre drear,
And clouds held back the light.

Loud—round and round the threatening sky,
Re-echoing thunder crashed!
And forkëd lightning blazed on high,
Or downward hurrying dashed!

So darts the serpent from his lair,
Full eager for the fray!
And brightly gleams, as through the air
He falls upon his prey!

Now Lomond rose, and gazed about,
And viewed the dark, dark sky;
But nought he heard, save ocean's rout,
As fast the breeze fled by.

Then on he went, he knew not where,
As terror filled his mind—
For slowly murmuring through the air,
Came noises in the wind.

Now Lomond stopped, and turned around,
Intent with breathless dread,
When e'en a voice, with hollow sound,
Fell words of horror said!

His very soul was chilled with fear,
As faintly died the speech:
And then, full like a wounded deer,
He sank upon the beach.

No more he heard that stormy night,
Till birth to morn was given,
And Phœbus, in his chariot bright,
Had e'en the darkness riven.

The merry songsters through each glen
Now pealed their anthem gay;
The fox re-stepped his gloomy den,
And, tired, sleeping lay.

Poor Lomond rose from fear-filled sleep,
Cold, destitute, forlorn;
He turned, and gazed upon the deep,
Bright with the glowing morn.

The storm was still, and stayed the rain;
The sunbeams seemed to place
Their restless footsteps in the main,
And o'er its bosom race.

Far scattered o'er the briny strand
Full many a bone was seen;
And many a skull all choked with sand,
And wreathed in seaweed green.

Now Lomond many steps that day
Deep printed on the shore,
And strained his longing eyes the way
That Ocean sent his roar.

But much he trembled when the night
With mists around him flowed,
When Cynthia, with her silver light,
Came noiseless on her road.

Scarce now had Darkness raised her head,
And breathed forth night-damps cold,
When lo! from out the ocean's bed
A flickering vapour roll'd.

Soon as it glided up the strand,
To human form it went;
And o'er the restless, wave-marked sand
Its course to Lomond bent.

Now swift he started back with fright,
His sword then quickly drew,
And cried—"Avaunt! thou daring sprite!
Thou shalt thy coming rue."

In turn the spectre then began,
In melancholy mood—
"Fear not, O timid stranger man,
A messenger of good.

"Like you I traversed once this isle,
Bedewed with rankling care;
Naught turned on me but demon's smile,
When groaning 'neath despair.

"One evening, near this very place,
As I desponding lay,
Before me came a female face,
With garments rich and gay.

"All lovely was her light-made form;
All lovely were her eyes;
Her bosom wet with th' angry storm
That raged along the skies.

"'Come, stranger, come,' she gently said,
'Come to my father's hall;
And there repose your wearied head,
And shelter from the squall.

"'I've wandered here through many a dell,
All sweet with smiling flowers—
Hark! now I hear the evening bell
That calls me to my towers.'

"I followed her along the shore,
Beguiled with her discourse,
Until I heard a river's roar,
And saw the current's force,—

"Which by a slender bridge was spanned,
That trembled in the air;
In passing which, she seized my hand,
And stood in silence there.

"With gloomy step on came the night,
The chilly vapours spread;
My guide became a water-sprite;
Her eyes shone fiery red.

"And soon she raised an hideous laugh,
And stamped upon the plank—
The bridge dispersed, like empty chaff,
And down I, shrinking, sank.

"I struggled hard, the land to gain,
Amidst the angry spray;
But all my efforts were in vain,
As died the light of day.

"Fell, mocking fiends around me rose,
And hid the river's bank,—
Whilst in the midst of swarming foes,
I, tortured by them——sank!

"And now, O stranger, warnëd be
By this my direful fate;
Beware of all you hear and see,
Beware of every bait.

"For o'er this dread and dismal isle,
Ten thousand demons roam,
Who love to practise every wile
To snare a traveller lone.

"They hate the light, and love the night,
And deeds of darkness dire;
In human misery delight,
And laugh at human ire!

"But if you should meet with a snare,
Let not your courage fail:
Whilst life you have, do not despair—
Be firm, and you'll prevail!"

This said—the spectre died away
Amid the night's damp chill—
In semblance like a lamp's last ray,
That fades and lingers still.

Now dreary Silence sat around,
And held her spell-like reign ;
Save where the night-breeze o'er the ground
Went moaning tow'rds the main.

Upon a rock poor Lomond lay,
With anxious thoughts opprest—
And longed to see the light of day,
To bring him warmth and rest.

Whilst pondering on the vision gone,
And leaning on his arm,
He heard behind a fiendish moan,
Which filled him with alarm.

He turned around, and on the sands,
All in the moonshine bright,
He saw a corpse with outstretched hands
Lie pale, and ghastly white.

The right hand clenched a pointed blade
That Lomond knew full well;
The dead man's name was Deverade,
Now slain by Demons fell.

He also had been wandering o'er
The Island Spectres' home—
Not knowing that upon that shore
A friend did likewise roam

Poor Deverade had lately seen
Some Fiends in female form;
Who told him they had shipwrecked been
All in the last dread storm!

They said the crew had gone to look
If water they could find;
As they (as yet) had seen no brook,
Or stream of any kind.

One of the number then stepped up
To him with courteous air;
And in his hand she placed a cup
Of wine, both rich and rare.

"Drink, stranger, drink," she gaily said,
"For we've a good supply
From yonder wreck, at High Rock Head,
Which on the sand doth lie."

Sir Deverade took the bowl in hand,
The sparkling draught to drain—
Which soon by one of the smiling band
Was filled for him again.

He sat him down, beneath a tree,
Right glad such friends to find;
And thus the time passed pleasantly—
As fast the day declin'd.

Whilst more and more of the wine he drank,
The group more lovely seemed;
But overpowered at last, he sank
Upon the grass, and dreamed

*That he was in a Fairy Land,
Within a beauteous bower;
But that a Skeleton did stand
Fast plucking every flower!

With dread he woke, and looked around;—
A Fiendish group was there!
And by his side a Skull he found,
Instead of the goblet rare!

* See Frontispiece.

He, terror-stricken, rose and fled—
Pursued by the fearful crew,
Until, exhausted, he fell dead
Where thorns and briars grew.

The Sprites his lifeless form conveyed
Where Deverade Lomond saw—
That he indeed might be dismayed
With sore foreboding awe!

But Lomond drew his sword of steel,
And whirled it thrice on high;
And vowed to make the Fiends e'en feel
For this—their cruelty!

Then quick from out the blood-stained earth,
An ugly imp arose,
Who seized the corpse in horrid mirth,
And laughed at Lomond's blows!

One hundred more came wheeling round—
A fierce, unearthly crew—
Whose rustling ranks wrought fearful sound
As they through night-mists flew!

And now they all round Lomond stood,
In dread array, and grim;
Each eager for to shed his blood—
And each to tear a limb.

A solemn pause ensued awhile,
Which might have ended drear,
Had not the east, with radiant smile,
Announced the sun was near.

And soon appeared the joyous day,
Led on by grey-eyed morn,
At which the ground bespangled lay
With dewdrops newly born.

It seemed as if our mother earth
Had wept the whole night long
For losing Phœbus, and the mirth
Of many a bird's sweet song.

Now o'er fair nature's moistened breast
A gentle calm was spread—
A calm that soothes the deep to rest
Within its rocky bed.

So sleeps the Lion's shaggy form
All in his long-worn den,
Till roused by hunger's raging storm
To roam the woods again.

The tidal wave was scarcely heard
To kiss the yielding sand—
Save where the murm'ring pebbles stirr'd
With shells along the strand.

But soon to Lomond's anxious eye
A distant bark appeared;
The sun-bleached sails he could descry,
Which fast his spirit cheered.

Full many a signal then he made
To bring the vessel near—
From morning's light, till evening's shade
Began to reappear.

And now approaching to the shore
A boat he plainly viewed;
On either side a sturdy oar
Oft in the brine imbrued.

And soon the bark drew close to land,
Swift gliding o'er the sea;
And out there leaped upon the strand
A Sailor light and free.

Then slowly up a rocky dell
To Lomond straight he sped;
Like flakes of snow his footsteps fell,
So softly was his tread.

"Come, stranger, come," he quickly said,
"I'll take you o'er the sea:
We saw your signals, white and red—
Stay not, but come with me."

Now swift along the main serene,
All in the twilight dim,
They steered the weed-clad rocks between—
For Lomond went with him.

But dreary darkness onward drew
O'er main and mountain steep,
Whilst blacker yet its aspect grew
Along the silent deep!

And night-mists filled the scene around,
And murky vapours spread,
As passed the boat with rippling sound,
Whilst onward fast it sped.

But now uprose the gentle moon,
And at the full she beamed—
When showers of silvery beams full soon
Along the waters streamed!

Then Lomond at his friend did gaze,
As brighter grew the light—
When to his quick and dread amaze,
He saw a Fiendish Sprite!

His very soul was steeped in fear,
And terror racked his frame!
For many more did now appear,
And shrieked aloud his name!

The words the spectre did declare,
"Let not your courage fail,"
(Came now to mind,) "Do not despair—
Be firm, and you'll prevail."

With this in mind, at once he sprang
Into the yielding sea——
And towards a rock in haste he swam,
To be from danger free.

Then, then the surface of the deep
Did swarm with Demons drear,
Who thought their prey from land to keep,
And drive him back with fear.

But onward, onward Lomond went,
Nor turned to left or right,
Till e'en at length with toiling spent,
He lay on a rock that night.

And a dreadful night he surely had
With Fiends till break of day;
Who seemed with frantic fury mad
Since they had lost their prey.

The first soft ray that lit the sky,
And heralded the light,
Saw Fiendish Furies frighted fly
Fast backward into night!

And morning's beam brought Lomond peace,
And a rescue e'en that day!
A vessel came to his release,
And bore him far away!

Beware then, mariners, beware
All of the Spectres' Isle;
For fear that Deverade's fate ye share—
Beware of Demon's guile.

Morning.

ALL o'er the green hills the bright morning is coming,
And scuds with light feet down the length of the dale;
The bees in the blossoms around begin humming,
And birds take the wing on the breast of the gale.

The mists that encircled the summits of mountains
Expire in the zephyrs that range far and wide—
Unveiling to view all the sweet smiling fountains,
Whose waters, loud murm'ring, in haste onward glide.

The sun in full majesty now is appearing,
And shines forth in splendour along the moist earth,
The aspect of nature his presence is cheering,
Whilst all the winged songsters break forth into mirth.

Clear dewdrops in thousands around are now beaming—
Imparting rich beauty along the glad scene:
Each blade of green grass with their liquid is streaming,
And leaves of the trees are high decked with their sheen.

The lark in the azure blue sky fast is soaring,
Inhaling the pure and the fresh morning air;
As down o'er the earth his soft warblings come pouring,
E'en after his form is quite lost in the glare.

Now, last of all, man to his work is seen going—
Slow passing thro' meadows where sportive lambs play,
Whilst morn with its fragrance around him is flowing—
To gladden his heart, as he wends on his way!

Music.

HOW sweet comes music to the troubled mind,
When o'er the drooping thoughts it pours its charms,

And quells the heavy cares that roll like waves
Across the anxious brow! O! words can ne'er
Express the balm that's borne on music's wings!
It thrills the inmost senses with delight,—
The listening heart now almost melts with joy—
And, unperceived, the spirit seems to soar
Aloft to worlds unknown,—to mingle with
The never-ceasing strain that rises high,
On golden pinions borne, through endless bliss!

Midnight.

THIS midnight! and I hear the rolling noise
Of some far distant bell, proclaiming round,
All with its iron tongue, the solemn hour—
Unheeded by a sleeping world, save where
The pain-afflicted wretch now stays his moans,
And counts the drawling notes, and longs for morn:
Hark! hoarsely shouts the gloomy bird of night,
A dismal peal all through the moonlit air,

And wakes the feathered songsters in each glen,
Who tremble as they see his passing form
Slow gliding by upon his downy wings.

* * * * *

Now misty vapours rise athwart the fields,
And creep in silence o'er each marshy moor;
Whilst various reptiles revel in the dew
That gently falls in turbid showers around;
A death-like stillness dwells upon the scene,
Till morning's dawn illumes the darkened earth.

The Infidel's Death.

DARK fears now hover round his guilty soul
In various forms, conflicting o'er his mind—
Like birds of prey, to seize upon all hope
That might beguile the heart, and horror soothe.

* * * *

Thro' life he hoped that *death* was *endless sleep*,
And ever strove to drown the latent thought

Of *retribution*, and the world to come;
E'en mocked at those who led a holy life;
Vaunting his *wishes* as his fond belief,
And driving Conscience from her rightful throne.
But now that death draws nigh, these hopes subside,
To leave their victim on the strand—*despair!*
No longer buoyant on his vain desires,
But reft of aid, he waits th' approach of death—
Whilst passion's whirlwind bears his troubled soul
O'er deep, tempestuous seas of sleepless thought,—
Upon whose waves all former sins he views,
And all his actions in a dread array,
Like Demons—gladsome to destroy all peace;
Their witness bearing to his wicked life:
Amongst the throng, not one he can descry,
Whose fairer form might give him hope in death:—
But all concur the heinous course to paint
Of one, whose *hate* to *revelation's* page
Was ever *cherished* from his early days:
A slave to Satan! (man's eternal foe)
A slave to evil, but averse to good!

* * * * * *

The last sad hour is pregnant with dismay,
As slowly runs the crimson stream of life
Along his withering veins and shattered frame!
Besieged at length, by horror, dread, and fear,
His eyes roll wildly round—all hope is fled;
The twilight of eternity e'en dawns!
Despair attends his soul—a curse his tongue!
He raves, he groans, he's numbered with the dead!

THE

Death of the First-born of Egypt.

ALL Egypt lay still 'neath the darkness of night,
Whilst sadness and silence were reigning around;
For green buds were blasted, and blossoms once bright,
By grim desolation were strewn on the ground!

For Jehovah's just vengeance had flown thro' the land,
And breathed forth dire judgments in Israel's cause;
Yet still did the heart of proud Pharaoh withstand
'Gainst God's supreme wisdom, his kingdom, and laws.

The lightning had glared athwart the dark sky;
Then low'ring its flight, laid its victims full low,
Whilst the thunders rebellow'd, and echoed on high,
And *Hailstones* fell spattering like rocks on the foe!

Three days and three nights of fell *Darkness* had passed;
The waters of Egypt had turned into gore;
And the *Locusts* had come on the breath of the blast—
Yet the heart of proud Pharaoh was hardened still more.

But now thro' the vaults of high heaven's blue height,
What fire beams so brightly and flows thro' the sky?
'Tis the *Angel of Death*—coming swift as the light;
His message is dreadful—the *First-born* must die!

Now silent and slow thro' the land he hath flown—
The sword of just vengeance his strong arms sustain;

He sways it around—destruction's then sown—
Alas! for the First-born of Egypt are slain!

Now shrieks of despair and sore anguish arise,
To heighten the horror of night's darkest gloom;
Every breath of the breeze is filled with the sighs
Of mourners that weep for their children's sad doom.

But Israel soon speed forth on the way
From the land of their toil, and trouble, and woe,
With shouts of full joy to God as their stay,
Whose judgments have humbled their bitterest foe!

The Pilgrim's Death.

FRESH cloud-born snow bestrewed the ground,
Athwart the Pilgrim's way;
And dreary was the scene around,
And spent the winter's day:

But spent not was the howling blast
That rushed along the plain,
And round the stranger quickly cast—
The cold, and frozen rain!

No murmur left his care-worn heart,
As onward passed his form;
But yet a tear would often start
To mingle with the storm!

(So e'en the pleas for mercy fall
Upon a Tyrant's ear,
Who ne'er regards the suppliant's call,
Nor cares to quench his fear!)

With sable mantle night advanc'd,
And frown'd upon the earth;
Whilst lightsome snow in whirlwinds danc'd—
As if in playful mirth!

The aged man, long wanting rest,
Now reached a hollow tree,

And laid him down within its breast—
A piteous sight to see!

No friend was near—no succour came,
With hope's enlivening ray;
To stay awhile life's lingering flame,
Ere yet it passed away.

Above, he heard the wild winds roar,
And leafless branches break—
To scatter far on earth's white floor,
And parent stems forsake.

Whilst list'ning to the angry gale,
The Pilgrim's frame grew chill;
And gentle sleep did then prevail
To lay his body still.

His eyes once closed, ne'er ope'd again
To view the cheerful light;
Whilst slumber reigned—bereft of pain,
His spirit took its flight!

The hollow tree within the wood,
With ivy sprinkled o'er,—
Both grave and monument then stood
Amid the tempests' roar!

Morning at Keswick.

JULY, 1841.

THE mountain mists their vapoury forms upraise,
Fast chased by Zephyrs, o'er the heathery hills;
Like timid lambs that fly from human gaze,
And leap (in gentle haste) the rock-born rills.

The dew-clad leaves of trees and shrubs around—
Now brightly sparkle in the morning gale;
Whilst flowers below, athwart the moistened ground,—
Their silent fragrance to the winds exhale.

Sweet Keswick's Lake sleeps placid in the land,
With views enchanting—on its breast portrayed;

A faithful picture of the scenes which stand
In lovely richness down each opening glade!

Dark Skiddaw's height uplifts its threatening form—
Begirt with clouds—beneath the morning grey;
Whilst o'er its bosom rolls the gathering storm,
Portending tempests thro' the coming day!

So stands the savage chieftain, 'fore the fight,
With darkened brow,—the index of his mind,
As slowly wend his distant foes in sight,—
With sounds of war, ta'en captive by the wind!

The Capture of the Slave Ship.

WITH hatches closed, and crowded hold,
A Slave Ship ploughed the main;
Oft o'er its deck the salt wave roll'd
Amidst the falling rain.

Full flowing sails bent circling o'er
Deep ocean's briny breast;
And round was heard the tempest's roar,
And seen each billow's crest.

A British Ship pursuing came,
Swift bounding o'er the sea,
To break in twain the captive's chain,
To set the prisoner free!

The Sailors spread the canvas high
The stately masts along;
While oft beneath the storm-clad sky,
Bright, vivid lightning shone.

But 'mid the tempest's mad career,
And thunders rolling round,
The gallant crew their vessel steer,
Nor heed the dreary sound.

They brave (in mercy's sacred cause)
The raging of the deep;

To carry freedom to the slave,
And joy to those that weep.

But now dark night the scene imbrued,
As if pursuit to stay,
Pursuers shrouding, and pursued,
As fled the light of day.

The raging storm subsided soon,
And clouds dispersed on high;
Whilst gently rose the silent moon,
Along the dark blue sky.

Her beams displayed to Britain's crew
The Slave Ship's form full near,
As onward yet it swiftly flew,
As if in deadly fear.

The chase continued thro' the night,
Till dawned the morning grey,
And round the cheerful beams of light
On sparkling waters play.

With cannon sounding, o'er the main
Brave England's vessel past;
And soon a ball e'en brake in twain
The Slave Ship's foremost mast.

Like wounded bird, the deep she swept,
Disabled with the blow;
Whilst hastening on the English kept,
Their bravery to show.

The vessel neared—and soon prevailed
The arm of justice stern;
Although by furious foes assailed,
Who would all mercy spurn!

The English shout! for victory's wrought,
And battle's strife is o'er;
Full freedom is to captives brought,
And slaves are slaves no more!



PARAPHRASE

Of the 137*th Psalm.*

BY Babylon's waters we silently sorrowed!
Yea, wept as we thought of our desolate home!
The wings of the dove we then fain would have borrowed,
And fast from the tyrant's dominions have flown.

Our harps hung we sadly on willows surrounding!
Their notes full of melody ceased to be heard;
Save when the bleak blast thro' their chords was resounding!
But mournful and low were the notes that it stirr'd.

Our enemies fierce, and as strong as the lion,
Now boldly required a song from our hands;
But how could we sing the sweet hymns of our Zion
'Neath slavery's chains, in proud Babylon's lands?

Arise, O Jehovah! with blessings appearing;
Thy banners of mercy upraise and unfurl!
With gladness the hearts of Thy lone Israel cheering,
And build us that city whose gates are of pearl.

There, safe and secure in its walls of salvation,
In loud pealing anthems our voices shall rise!
For ever defended from each hostile nation!
No tears shall then dim our once sorrowful eyes!

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter."

O CHRISTIANS, think of Heathen lands
That lie in darkness drear;
Where thousands dwell in Satan's bands,—
In sin-born, slavish fear!

There, cruelty doth sternly reign,
And holds her fierce controul!
Unchecked oppressors—dealing pain
To many an anguished soul!

No solace, comfort, have th' oppressed—
No sympathy around!
Distress may rend the heart distressed—
No comforter is found!

No gentle, friendly voice doth rise
To sooth the sufferer's mind!—
To tell of HIM, who left the skies—
The "broken heart" to bind!

O Christians, pray for distant lands,
For mercy from above!—
That sinners, freed from idol bands,
May sing a Saviour's love!

O Christians, give, as ye have had,
And freely e'en impart;
That Gospel tidings may make glad
Full many a heathen heart!

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

SALVATION'S Banner, Christians, take,
And high that banner raise;
Exalt the truth, for Jesu's sake,
And Heavenly mercy praise.

Salvation's Banner, Christians, hold,
And keep with earnest care—
As choicer far than all earth's gold,
Or rubies rich and rare.

Let every realm that token see
Of Heaven's transcendent grace,
And send the tidings far and free
To all our fallen race.

Tell North, and South, and East, and West,
Of Him—who for us died;
Of Pardon, Peace, and blissful rest,
Through CHRIST THE CRUCIFIED.

And whilst we for the faith contend,
And humbly labouring, live—
May God His Holy Spirit send,
And gracious "increase" give:

Till distant tribes—from shore to shore—
Shall on their Maker call,
And every nation shall adore
The Crowned Lord of All!

Paraphrase

Of the 133rd Psalm.

HOW good and how joyful it is to be dwelling
In bright bonds of unity, comfort, and love;
The cares from each other of sorrow dispelling;
Enhancing the bliss that descends from above.

'Tis like the rich ointment that fell gently pouring,
O'erspreading the raiment of Aaron of old;

Whilst sweet on the gale its pure perfume was soaring,
As the oil in clear streams girt each long circling fold.

'Tis like the soft dew that from Hermon refreshing,
Far sprinkled the summit of fair Zion's head!
Where God in His goodness had promised His blessing:
E'en mercy and favour and life from the dead!

May love in our souls be then ever abounding,
To Christ our Creator, Redeemer, and King!
And thus shall true peace all our hearts be surrounding,
As loud songs of praise we triumphantly sing!



Glanraban's Thoughts,

A SHORT EXTRACT FROM A SHORT POEM,

CALLED

The Birth of the Storms.

THE day was bright, the sky was clear,
O'er Bernon's beauteous Isle;
Each outspread wood
In silence stood
Beneath a summer's smile.

No passing breeze disturbed the scene,
Which lay in richness round;
The very leaves
That decked the trees
Seemed e'en by magic bound.

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With darken'd brow—a warrior there
Was gazing on the scene;
A chieftain he,
Of high degree,
And tall, and warlike mien.

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Glanraban,—this the Hero's name,
Now eager for the fight—
To vanquish foes,
And rescue those
In whom he took delight.

Succeeding thoughts, in rapid throng,
Crowd on his troubled soul,
As billows o'er
A long-worn shore
In restless riot roll.

And thus he thought, and sometimes spoke
With quickly-uttered sound—
Whilst perhaps a word
The stillness stirr'd,—
Then died in murmurs round:—

"Must Emor, then, the hated wretch, prevail,
And proudly triumph o'er my people's rights?
Shall he their dearest liberties assault,
And carry terror through the land which once
Bore freedom's smile upon its placid brow,
And kindly looks returned on laws that stood
(As guardian angels) to protect and cheer?
Shall he those laws destroy? Shall Emor break
The barrier that hath borne the shock of years?
(A certain safeguard to my country's weal)
Must inroad now be given to those—
Who bear the brand of discord in their ranks?
(Whose presence is a curse! whose smile deceit:
Who practise arts insidious, vile, and dire—
And revel o'er the woe and misery they produce!
Who—having power, dread tortures e'en inflict

On all who will not cringe before their rule.)
Shall such prevail o'er me, and mine?"

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"Shall Emor and his crew, then, triumph?
And I survive to see my Country's ruin?
My much-loved subjects, bought and sold by those
Whose demon-hearts move not at Sorrow's call,
But who e'en glory in the deep distress of those
Who cry for pity?"———

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"It must not be!—whilst I my voice can raise,
To cheer and animate my friends to war!
Whilst I can wield a weapon in the fight,
To sever slavery's chain, that would enthrall
My Country, and destroy her happiness!
She shall not fall! A tyrant shall not sway
His iron sceptre there!"———
———"To arms, my friends!
You soon shall hear my voice—and banner see!"

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"On Duma's plains, our loved ones lie unburied!
They speak not,—but their cold and silent forms
In sight, will rouse us more than any words
That could be breathed forth, if life remained!"

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"I'll hasten to the fight!—My friends, I come!
Let victory or death be ours!"

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A

Few Stanzas from the Author's HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

IN VERSE.

ABOUT two thousand years ago,
Came JULIUS CÆSAR here,
And brought with him the Roman foe,
With bright and glitt'ring spear.

The Natives that in England dwelt
Were wild and cruel too;
And they the power of Druids felt—
A tyramizing crew!

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The Sceptre now, VICTORIA sways;
Fair Queen of Britain's Isle!
May Heaven grant her length of days;
With peace and joy the while!

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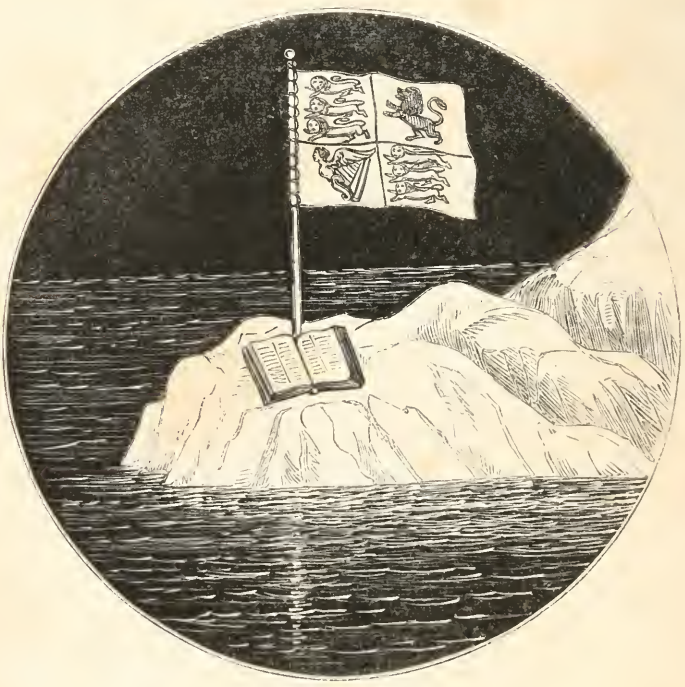
Long, long may England's power be own'd
Athwart the outstretched world!
Long, long may Britain stand enthron'd,
With glory's flag unfurled!

May all her sons and daughters live
In harmony and love!
And adoration ever give
To Him who rules above.

May He Great Britain's Queen defend,—
PRINCE ALBERT, and their Heirs;
His richest blessings on them send,
And banish baneful cares.

NOW ALL THE ROYAL FAMILY, may
The KING OF KINGS preserve;
And may our nation Him obey,
And all His Laws observe!

Then, then, shall England's might, indeed
Be felt o'er Earth's wide plain!
Then, then shall England take the lead,
O'er mountain, and the main!



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